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hence arises the excessive length of *Te Deums* in general.

Mr. Kotschmar has managed to compress his *Te Deum*, not having more than two repetitions in the whole composition, and with less damage to the flow of musical thought than might have been expected. Here and there we find a sudden pull up, as the respected Tony Weller would say, which strikes the ear as very abrupt, but the exigencies of the case rendered it unavoidable. As we have said, this *Te Deum* is quite simple; it is also melodious and well and plainly harmonized, thus bringing it within the reach of ordinary choirs, by which it can be rendered effectively. But why does Mr. Kotschmar commence his *Te Deum* in the key of F, and end it in the key of B flat? It is contrary to all rule and all practice, and unlike some exceptional cases, it has not the excuse of a special or possible effect for the transgression, more especially as the return to the original key could have been accomplished most effectively in four additional bars.

**APOLLO MAZOURKA.** For the Piano. By J. N. Patison. New York: Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway.

This is a sort of companion to the "Sunrise Polka," by the same composer, which has become so widely popular, and will, we think, be as well received by the public. For this favor it will depend less upon its originality, than upon a certain melodious flow and graceful form of passages. It is a meretricious but familiar composition, and will assuredly become quite popular.

**FAUST POLKA.** For the piano. By Ed. Hoffmann. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

This is a very graceful and melodious Polka, with a well-defined beat and a good dancing swing. The Old Man's Chorus, in the Kermesse scene, is cleverly and effectively introduced. It is brilliant without being difficult, and should become a favorite in our private *salons*.

**YOU CAME TO ME WITH WINNING SMILE.** Song. Words by J. H. McNaughton. Music by Virginia Gabriel. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

This is superior to the ordinary run of ballad music. The melody is passionate and the accompaniment smooth and appropriate. The progression would have been better if in bar four of the song, the accompaniment had been F in the bass, and A, D, in the treble. The present arrangement is weak and commonplace. At the sixth bar of the song, the word should be "guile" instead of "smile."

**PRETTY ROSALINE.** Ballad. By Edward Hoffman. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

A pretty, quaint, and simple ballad, which the charming singing of Madame Varian-Hoffman has made popular throughout the country. Its vocal compass is moderate, and the accompaniment is very simple.

**THE TRANQUIL STREAM.** Nocturne, for the Pianoforte. By J. de Jasienski. New York: Wm. Hall & Son.

A very sweet andantino movement in E flat. The subject is suggestive of quiet, tender reflection, and calm yet sensuous enjoyment. The flowing figure for the left hand is well sustained, and the composition only requires a tender touch and a moderate execution to accomplish its performance effectively.

**FEU DES ETOILES.** (Fire of the Stars,) for the Pianoforte. Composed and dedicated to Miss Mary E. Hall, by J. de Jasienski.

This is a graceful, sentimental waltz, the leading phrase of which is good, but of respectable antiquity. The other subjects are flowing and melodious, and the Coda is brilliant. It is easy of execution and quite effective.

**DOWN AMONG THE LILIES.** Ballad. Words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. R. Thomas. N. Y.: Wm. Hall & Son.

Mr. J. R. Thomas is, deservedly, one of the most popular ballad writers of the day. His reputation is so widely spread, that several London publishing houses have contracted engagements with him for exclusive copyrights of his new songs. "Down among the Lilies," is a graceful and expressive song, hardly as spontaneous as most of his ballads, but still pleasant and effective. It meets with the usual compliment of an encore, whenever sung by the composer. The words are evidently written to a "catch title," but the writer gets over a difficult rhyme in a very ingenious manner, thus:—

"Beside the leafy lane we meet,  
(Just beyond the mill is)—  
And then we pass the hours so sweet,  
Down among the lilies!"

**GENTLE RAIN.** Etude for the Pianoforte. By A. W. Hawthorne. Dedicated to Herbert Beech, Esq., of New York. Wm. Hall & Son.

This is the first work published in this country of a young English composer and pianist but recently arrived here. It possesses decided merits. The melody is smooth, flowing and expressive. It is sustained and well marked, while supporting a superstructure of fanciful and delicate floriture, like the bright drippings of a summer rain. It is an excellent study for a certain form of passage, and requires a smooth touch and a delicate manipulation for its proper execution. It is a piece which will recommend itself to teachers for pupils of fair proficiency.

**LOVE'S LAMENTATION.** Song. Words by C. H. H. Pannell, music by E. G. B. Holder. New York: Wm. Hall & Son.

Mr. Holder gives evidence of improvement in his composition and particularly in his accompaniments. The melody and sentiment of this song are good, and will prove effective in the *salon*. We suggest to Mr. Holder, however, that the bass figure in the symphony, being unsupported by any answer, is not only out of place, but approaches the verge of bathos.

#### LATEST READINGS.

**EVA.** A Goblin Romance. In five parts. By JOHN SAVAGE. New York. James B. Kirker.

This is a mtteric Romance in which the material and the immaterial are intimately blended, mingling human motives and passions, with goblin and selfish rites and purposes, weaving from both a plot which is both curious and interesting. Mr. Savage has drawn upon the wild superstitions of Ireland for the weird machinery of his poem, and has invested his descriptions with much of the rich legendary lore with which that country abounds. He has an observant eye for the beauties of Nature, and a warm appreciation of their poetical influences, evidences of which will be found in his glowing descriptions of local scenery, and of the floral inhabitants of the romantic spot he has chosen to people with human and immaterial shapes.

The salient point in the poetic design, is the consolation of the Cross—the triumph of Truth, and the calm which belief throws over a heart troubled and torn by human sorrow.

The time of the opening of the poem is thus described:

"The evening Sun was setting fair  
Beneath a sky of blue,  
And Nature's charms on earth, in air,  
Wore fading into dew:

The sun's broad beams athwart did lie  
The crimson mantled West,  
As a golden Cross of Chivalry  
Charged on a purple vest:

A gentle breath the shrubs among—  
A gentle sigh of air.  
As though a gentle maiden's song  
Was lilting here and there;

The busy bushes keeping time,  
The tendrils join each note,  
And all is soft as silv'ry rhyme  
From out a silv'ry throat:

The wild rose blushes on the eve  
Of going to its rest,  
And bends its crimson cheek to grieve  
On mother Earth's calm breast.

The locality is described with much vigor in the following verses:

It is a broken valley wild,  
The Dodder streaming down  
Its center, and the mountain heath  
Envelops with a purple wreath  
Kippure's age-mottled crown.

O valley! consecrate to song,  
In poet-warrior's soul,  
Where memories of Ossian throng—  
Delightful Glan-nis-mole!

O valley! famed in Ancient days  
Not more by Ossian's voice,  
Than thrushes', whose bewildering maze  
Of melody made all thy braes  
And hundred dells rejoice.

Romantic, rugged, sombre, grand,  
The hills jut out and fall  
Into the devious vale, as though  
To stay the Dodder's reckless flow:  
Which foams, and frets, through all.

They drive the stream from shore to shore;  
It shakes with rage, then sweeps  
Around the base, with lengthening pace,  
With sullen surge, breaks through the gorge,  
And frothing, onward leaps.

By Alyagower, clear as glass  
The pools glide smoothly free,  
Till further down, a group of rocks,  
Like bathing dwarfs jumps up and mocks  
Their placid ecstasy.

Then like branch-broken rays from sun—  
Or sparks from the blacksmith's blow—  
Or, shattered gems, they flash and run  
To frothen the angry flow.

And now they chant a boisterous song,  
United, now they hymn,  
And anon they murmuring lilt along  
In the shade of you brocken, dim.

The lovers have met in the graveyard of an old monastic ruin. They are lovers in heart, although their love has not yet been told. The Maiden is thus described:

"The youthful maid an angel's face—  
An angel's form, I ween,  
A mingling grace lit up her face  
Of blooming ripe sixteen.

Tresses like an autumn night  
Hang o'er her forehead's day,  
Darkly rich—a pearly light  
Outlines each curling spray.

Eyes of such unearthly light,  
Though dark as ever wrought;  
By Heaven! they twist me as a sprite,  
Though I but see in thought.